

Voyeur by ObeyDontStray

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Summary:

Joyce and Bob's relationship is a little lackluster, so Joyce finds a way to come out on top.

Voyeur

Joyce closed her eyes, waiting to feel something or at least have him finish. They had been going at it for what seemed like forever and she couldn't be more bored.

Sure, Bob Newby is a sweet, gentle soul. But Casanova he is not.

He placed a sweet kiss against her cheek as he made love to her in missionary position and Joyce kept her eyes shut tight, fearing he'd see the disappointment or boredom there.

"You're awfully quiet Joyce, are you enjoying this?" He asked suspiciously. "Yes." She said in a forced moan.

Was sex always this bad? She couldn't remember the last time she had good, earth shaking sex. Then a memory arose and she kept her eyes shut tight as she remembered the other man's touch. How he lit a fire across her skin, his hot breath in her ear as he thrustured into her. Jim Hopper on graduation night.

She opened her eyes and glanced at the chair beside the bed, slightly illuminated by the streetlight outside Bob's room.

She could imagine Hopper sitting proudly in the chair, dressed in that tux like the one he'd worn to graduation. She thought about his features now. The sharpness of his jaw, his proud blue eyes.

She imagined his eyes on her, watching them during this intimate time. Then Hop's hand slid down his belly to his zipper. He exposed himself and took his hard length in his hand and began pumping in slow, deliberate motions as he stared into her eyes.

Bob made a noise of approval above her. "Joyce you're getting so wet. Are you close baby?" "I'm going to need a little more." She confessed, her face still turned to the chair where she imagined Hop.

Hop stroked himself with his fist, his thumb running over the head. She watched the intense look in his eyes as he bit his lip, stifling a moan. Joyce moaned herself, but not from Bob's ministrations.

Joyce grew tired of his random, misdirected jabs and pushed him away. "Get on your back Bob, let me on top." She never ridden Bob and she could see the excitement in his face as he lay back.

She carefully lowered herself onto his modest length and braced herself on his soft belly before she closed her eyes, imagining Hopper under her. She began riding him nice and slow, hands caressing up his belly to his chest. "Uuuugh Joycie!" Bob moaned but she tuned him out, thinking of Hopper's voice calling her name.

The pleasure began to build in her at last and she leaned back on her heels, changing the angle and it nearly drove her over the edge. Bob was pleased with her moans, his hands grasping at her hips. But she was imagining Hopper's hands everywhere. Her belly, her breasts, her hips, her behind.

She came hard, moaning and collapsing over him and taking him over the edge with her. She lay panting against his shoulder, pretending she was resting against a beard and the smell of Hop's cologne. "Oh J-Bob! Bob that was amazing!" She caught herself in time, hoping he'd believe that was a well placed pant.

In her mind she imagined Hop's satisfied face, which she was sure wasn't much different from high school.

She hummed in Bob's ear and kissed the side of his face.

"Joyce that was amazing. What's gotten into you?" He asked, somewhat amused.

She shrugged and snuggled into him, she never cuddled with him after sex. Usually she pushed him away as quickly as possible.

"I don't know. I just imagined someone was watching." She admitted and he smiled.

"Kinky, babe."